



DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, POETRY, &c.

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SELECT TALES.

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

Sensibility.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'LOSING AND WINNING.'

[Concluded.]

THERE was a very narrow lane that ran past the foot of Mr. Claremont's garden, in which stood a little hut, occupied by a poor, but pious old man, who earned a scanty livelihood by gardening. He was known all around by the title of 'Commodore,' merely because in his youth he had commanded a fishing smack. Montague one evening walked some way out of town; and on his return intending to pass an hour at Mr. Claremont's, he passed through this lane as the shortest way to his house. In passing the Commodore's domicile which stood on the lower side of the lane, he cast his eye in at the window, which had neither shutter nor curtains, and by a glimmering fire-light, saw an old man in an arm chair by the fire, while a female sat on a low stool beside him who seemed to be doing something to his foot, which lay across her lap. Montague halted an instant, for there was something in the female that reminded him of Margarette. But her back was towards him, and the fire-light was so dim that he remained in doubt whether or not it was she. 'If, it is her,' thought he, as he walked on, 'if it is her performing such an office for the poor old Commodore, it may after all, be her who visited the Delanys.' As he came out of the lane he met an acquaintance with whom he conversed a minute or two, and then proceeded to Mr. Claremont's.

On entering the parlor, he found the little domestic circle complete. Mr. Claremont was engaged in a volume of Brewster's Encyclopedia; Alice with Malvina, over which she was shedding a torrent of tears,—and Margarette with her knitting work. 'It was not her after all,' thought Montague; 'but who could it be? she had not the air of a rustic.' After receiving Mr. Claremont's cordial welcome, he advanced towards his cousin, and closing her book with gentle violence, said—

'If you sustain no other injury, my dear

Alice, you will inevitably ruin your eyes by reading while you weep so profusely. I wish you would relinquish novels, as I fear they do you little or no good. The general tendency is rather to enervate than to strengthen the character.' 'I wish you could persuade her to relinquish them Mr. Montague,' said Mr. Claremont. 'I am satisfied that that class of reading only increases in Alice that sensitiveness which is already too strong. It will degenerate into weakness, and I know of few things more to be dreaded, than a sickly sensibility.'

'Why should you suppose that the reading of novels would produce that effect, more than the scenes of real life?' said Alice 'when it is universally conceded that no genius can ever reach the truth?'

'I can tell you why,' Alice, said Montague. 'In reading works of the imagination, persons of feeling unconsciously identify themselves with the favorite character, and then in a day or two, or sometimes in a few hours, their feelings are taxed with those scenes of sorrow and excitement, which in real life are scattered through months, or perhaps years.—The greater part of life is made up of comparative trifles which make little demand on the feelings, and scenes of sorrow and excitement, are 'few and far between' like the convulsions of the elements—which though often distressing and sometimes disastrous, are on the whole highly beneficial. But were the elements always at war, nature would soon sink to dissolution, and so if the mind and heart were constantly raised to a high state of excitement, their energies would soon be exhausted, and the corporeal part would soon sink in the conflict. Do you read novels Miss Claremont?' inquired Montague.

'Sometimes but not often,' Margarette replied.

'And do they affect you as they do cousin Alice?'

'Affect her!' cried Alice,—'no, indeed! I never saw her moved to tears by reading but once in my life.'

'And pray what was she then reading?' asked Montague with a smile.

'A little penny tract, called Old Sarah, the Indian Woman,' said Alice. 'Over that she actually wept!'

'Did you read the tract, cousin Alice?'

'Yes, from mere curiosity, after witnessing the wonderful effect it produced.'

'And did it call forth your tears?'

'No, certainly not!—Sarah was a good old creature to be sure, but there was nothing in the tract to touch one's sensibility; and I could not conceive what there was in it that so moved Margarette.'

'Poh, poh, Alice,' said Mr. Claremont, 'Margarette is not the stoic you represent her. I caught her no longer ago than this very morning with a tear in her eye while reading.'

'My dear uncle,' said Margarette in a supplicating tone, while the pure blood in her cheeks rushed to her temples.

'What was she reading, uncle?' said Alice.

'None of your lackadaisical nonsense, you may be certain Alice,' said Mr. Claremont.—'She was reading a newspaper.'

Alice laughed outright.

'Not so laughable an affair, neither, my dear,' said Mr. Claremont, 'as she was reading the bravery and sufferings of the poor unfortunate—'

'Dear uncle!' again ejaculated Margarette.

'Poles,' added Mr. Claremont without noticing the interruption.

'The Poles! O yes,' said Alice, 'there was Thaddeus of Warsaw—he was a divine creature! well might one weep at the recital of his sufferings!'

'Doubtless my dear; but Margarette's sympathies were moved by sufferings of a more recent date than his—by the narrative of bravery and truth—unadorned with the romance and poetry that Miss Porter has thrown around her hero. And to tell you the plain truth, Alice, I do like that sensibility better, that sympathises with the actual sufferings of our fellow creatures, even though there be nothing elegant or poetic about them, than that which has tears only for some high wrought tale of fictitious woe—the affliction of some fallen Prince or the sorrows of some love-stricken or lovelorn damsel.'

'That, dear uncle, is as much as to say,' said Alice, while her voice was choked with rising emotions, 'that I can feel for the sorrows of no other kind, and that you like Margarette's sensibility better than you do mine: I suppose you love her, too, better than you do your own poor lone Alice! I feel that she is stealing every one's affection from me, though I love with so much more ardor than she does!' and she burst into tears.

All present felt exceedingly uncomfortable, and Margarette, who was really distressed, resolved to give a new turn to the conversation. Alice had seated herself on Mr. Claremont's knee, and thrown both her arms around his neck—so leaving him to sooth her wounded feelings in his own way, Margarette asked Montague some questions, as foreign as possible to their recent conversation. The effort succeeded, the tears of Alice were soon dried, and the remainder of the evening passed very pleasantly.

One evening Montague and Gordon met the Claremont family with a small and select party, at the house of a friend; Gordon, as usual, secured a seat next to Margarette, who was also attended by Alice, who had learned that to be near her was to be near the idol of her imagination, 'the Black Prince.' Montague likewise stood near them; for he was beginning to find that there was something extremely attractive, even in Margarette's apparent coldness, or rather that it was peculiarly interesting to observe marks of deep feeling under so calm, so placid an exterior. Gordon recollected the conversation concerning Lord Nelson, and the effect produced on Margarette; and resolving in his turn to find a passage to her sensibilities, led the conversation to heroes and great men. He made some very eloquent remarks, as he apprehended, on heroism and greatness, which had previously been arranged with great care.

'Whom do you consider truly great men, Mr. Gordon?' asked Alice.

'Alexander—Louis the Fourteenth—Napoleon—Voltaire, and Lord Byron,' said Gordon. 'Each in his turn, and in his own way, has dazzled the whole world!'

'Dazzled but not enlightened!' said Montague.

Margarette looked up with one of her brightest smiles, and Montague felt at the bottom of his heart, that it was warm as well as brilliant.

'By Vesta,' thought Gordon, 'she has rewarded him for those two words, with that smile, which I have made such an effort to obtain! and he has made no efforts at all! I abandon her!'

'Whom do you esteem great men, Mr. Montague?' inquired Margarette.

'O, there have been hosts of them in the

world,' answered Montague; 'but perhaps it would be better to tell you what I call true greatness, than to name those whom I esteem great. True greatness, I apprehend, consists in conquering or in duly restraining the ruling passion; in forgiving an injury, when we have fair opportunity of avenging ourselves; in sacrificing our feelings and interests for the good of others; in that benevolence that leads to forgetfulness of 'self,' in efforts to promote the happiness and welfare of mankind.

'The world will hardly subscribe to your explanations of the word 'greatness,' said Gordon with something like a sneer, and few are great!'

'Few are—but many might be,' said Montague. 'Every man who foregoes his own personal good, for the good of others; who forgets his own happiness in efforts to promote the happiness of those around him, and who will not be turned aside from his purpose by the obstacles, or the unkindness, or the ridicule with which he meets, is great.'

'Who sees such greatness?' asked Gordon.

'It has sometimes been conspicuous on earth, as in the case of Howard, Peter the Great of Russia, Wilberforce, Clarkson, Mrs. Fry, and multitudes of others,' said Montague. 'But no matter whether it is seen by the world or not, provided its influence be felt.—And there is no one, who is capable of moral action, who has not almost daily opportunities of exercising true greatness and magnanimity of soul; and should every one improve the opportunity, the wilderness of this world would soon "be like Eden, and her deserts like the garden of the Lord!" Margarette's countenance again beamed with pleasure and approbation as she said—'Moral grandeur would then be your definition of greatness, Mr. Montague?'

'It would.'

'And the only true one according to my apprehension,' said Margarette, 'and I have often had the pleasure of seeing it exemplified. And this moral greatness leads to sublimity of thought, she added; 'it expands the soul, elevates the conception. As an instance: I once attended a prayer meeting, where was a man who had no more than ordinary capacity, and who knew nothing beyond the cultivation of his little farm, and the path to Heaven. He could scarcely read intelligibly. He being called on to lead in the devotions of the evening he knelt down, and began in this manner—"O Thou, who lightest up Heaven!" To me, it was like a shock of electricity! I have thought of it a thousand times since, and doubt whether Byron, with all his genius, in his happiest moment of poetic inspiration, ever had so sublime a conception.'

Would you like to examine the prints on the center table, Miss Lansdale?' asked Gordon, rising and offering his arm. With a heart buoyant as the thistle's down, Alice accepted the proffered arm, and Montague secured the seat she vacated.

'There is nothing here that you have not seen a hundred times,' said Gordon, 'but I panted to get into a warmer latitude. The north pole has few charms for me, notwithstanding its brilliant corruscations.—By the way, is this cousin of yours ever warmer than the summit of Mount Blanc?'

'Why ask me such a question?' said Alice.

'Because I thought you would be likely to know,' answered Gordon.

'She is much admired and beloved,' said Alice, with a sigh. 'I wish I had her power over the heart.'

'Admired she may be—but beloved is she?' said Gordon.

'You surprise me, Mr. Gordon,' said Alice, 'I thought—I feared—I conjectured'—and she stopped short.

'What did you think, fear or conjecture,' said he, with real or assumed embarrassment.

'Now be frank, sweet Alice,' said Gordon, tenderly pressing her arm, which was locked in his, to his side—'be frank and tell me kindly what you thought.'

'Why, I knew that you admired my cousin and I heard—pshaw—I mean that I thought you loved her,' and she sighed again.

'Oh no, I could never love a block of marble, even if moulded into a Venus,' said Gordon. 'Believe me sweet Alice, there must be some signs of sensibility—some little warmth of feeling to awaken the affections of my heart. I could never love the twin sister to the snow, and such I take Miss Claremont to be.'

'So you are going to take an airing this morning, Commodore,' said Montague, as he saw the old man getting into a wagon in the street.

'Yes, 'Squire; you see I am taken from my work, [holding out a lame foot,] and so I am going on some business into the country.'

'How long have you been lame? and what is the matter with your foot,' said Montague.

'I sprained it a fortnight ago sir,—and it is almost the same as well now; only Miss Margarette made me promise not to try to use it too soon.'

'Miss Margarette! Margarette Claremont?' said Montague. 'Does she advise you about your lameness?'

'Yes and more than that, Mr. Montague, for under Providence she has cured it. There has not been a day since I hurt it, in which

she has not come and tended it herself, by bathing it with her own little hands, in a medicine she brought a purpose. I couldn't put her off, Mr. Montague! And she has so patiently and kindly sat, with an old man's foot in her lap, I'll tell you what I thought; I thought—here is the very spirit of Him who said, "If I have washed your feet, ye ought also to wash one another's feet,"—and the tears ran down my old cheeks, whether I would or no."

There was a slight rising in Montague's throat, but he checked it and inquired "How far the Commodore was going?"

"I don't know exactly, 'Squire, as I am going to buy a cow, and I want to hunt up a pretty good one."

"A cow!" said Montague—"What in the world can you do with a cow?"

"Why she isn't for my own use, Mr. Montague, though she is to be kind of mine—but that's neither here nor there, and I must be going, as I want to get back in good season. Good day 'Squire,' and the Commodore drove off."

A few days after this, when Montague was one morning at Claremont's, it came into Alice's mind to inquire after his "protégés," the Delanys.

"O, they are all well, and in comparative comfortable circumstances," said Montague. "They have found a very kind friend who has furnished them with comfortable clothing, besides lending them a cow. Should they be survivors, I think they would canonize her," added he smiling.

"Her!" said Alice, "is it a lady then?"

"Yes, the same young lady that I told you assisted in nursing the mother. I wish you could hear them express their gratitude, in their own emphatic dialect with their strong Irish feelings!"

"It is strange who it can be!" said Alice. "Have they yet found her out?"

"It seems she has been very careful to conceal her name," said Montague, "as they have not yet learned it. But yesterday I was there and they pointed her out to me, as she at that moment chanced to pass by."

"And did you know her, Hubert?" eagerly inquired Alice.

"I did," said Montague, "but I did not tell them as she seemed desirous to 'do good by stealth,' and would doubtless blush to find it fame—and neither will I tell you, cousin Alice," he added, as Margarette cast on him a look of mingled distress and supplication.

"Now that is the most provoking thing I ever knew you to do, cousin Hubert!" said Alice. "But I will find out, if I go to the Delanys on purpose."

"But I tell you they do not know, Alice; and besides, if a motive of benevolence would not draw you to them, when they were in dis-

tress, pray do not let so poor a one as curiosity procure them a visit now they are comparatively happy."

Margarette stayed by most perseveringly this morning. She would have given almost any thing could Alice have left the room, if only for one minute. Great was her satisfaction, when her cousin hastily rose saying—"I entirely forgot to send Mrs. Frost the pattern of my new pelerine. I must do it this moment."

She had scarcely closed the door ere Margarette said, "I must do away the mistake under which you labor, Mr. Montague. The Delanys are indebted to my uncle, and not to me. I was only the channel through which his bounty flowed."

"Mr. Claremont was then Mrs. Delany's nurse!" said Montague smiling.

"O, no, not that; but the clothing and the cow were purchased with his money."

"I understand it perfectly," said Montague. "I have seen my cousin's neck encircled by a pearl necklace; but Miss Claremont preferred relieving the suffering of a poor Irish family, to adorning her own person."

"But Mr. Montague!" said Margarette.

"But Miss Claremont!" said Montague, laughing.

"Very well," said Margarette, in great perplexity what to say, "you must think as you will."

"I will think as I must," said Montague, "and bid you good morning."

A few weeks after the above conversation took place Mr. Claremont, on returning from a morning's ride, was thrown from his horse a few rods from his own door, and was brought in apparently lifeless. At the appalling spectacle, both of his nieces obeyed the impulse of nature, and turned to fly. But Margarette had scarcely begun her retreat, ere she returned. "I must face it" thought she, "however dreadful! kind heaven sustain me!"—Without much apparent agitation, she gave directions and assisted in conveying her uncle to his room; and before medical aid could arrive, employed herself in examining his limbs to ascertain whether they were broken, and then in chafing his hands and head, to produce, if possible, some signs of life.—All besides herself seemed nearly delirious from fright. The news of the accident flew like wild-fire, and in twenty minutes Montague was at the house. He found Alice in the parlor walking the floor and wringing her hands in an agony of distress, constantly exclaiming "my dear uncle! my dear, dear uncle." In answer to Montague's hasty inquiries she exclaimed—

"O, he is dead! my dear, dear uncle. What will become of his own poor Alice? doubly—doubly an orphan!"

Montague hastened to Mr. Claremont's

room, hopeless of learning any thing from his cousin. The physician and surgeon were both there, and there was Margarette pale as a statue, and apparently as firm, supporting her uncle's head on her bosom. There was a death-like silence in the room, while the medical gentlemen were endeavoring to restore animation; while all feared that their endeavors would prove useless. A groan at length announced that the vital spark was not yet exhausted, and Mr. Claremont opened his eyes on his niece.

"Dear uncle," said Margarette, "do you know me?"

"Margarette!" murmured Mr. Claremont.

"Away with her, Mr. Montague," said the physician; "she is gone!"

Montague clasped her in his arms and bore her out of the room, while a servant hastened after with restoratives. "She must be mine," thought Montague, as he supported her lifeless frame, while the servant resorted to the usual means of restoration.—"she must be mine! such benevolence without ostentation, such firmness and deep feeling,—such exalted worth and true humility, are a rare combination! She must be my own!"

Mr. Claremont was scarcely able to leave his room, to which he was confined several weeks, ere Montague asked him if he would bestow upon him his niece.

"Yes, take her Montague," said Mr. Claremont, "take her as the choicest treasure one man ever bestowed on another. I know no man but yourself worthy of her hand."

An almost convulsive pressure of the hand was the only sign of gratitude that Montague could give.

Well, who was at the wedding, and when did it take place? It took place in a few months, and a large company was assembled, for Mr. Claremont hated a private wedding. The Black Prince was one of the guests.

"Are they not a beautiful—a fine looking couple, Mr. Gordon," asked Alice, after the great cake was cut, and the congratulations were over.

"O, yes," said Gordon, "as fine pieces of statuary as one could wish to look upon!—Montague, indeed, has fire enough—the more fortunate for him, for a deal it must have taken to thaw the ice of your cousin!"

"They are both a little singular," said Alice, "yet they love each other tenderly. How happy they will be! How sweet life must be, when congenial hearts are thus united for ever!"

"Yes—perhaps so—but after all, sweet Alice, it is better to do as you and I do—love each other and still be free! I would not link my fate with that of any woman in the world. I am quite sure that I should hate even you, sweetest,—angel as you are, could you call me husband. O, there is something

killing to all romance in the very sound of that word! Do you not agree with me dearest?

Alice could not utter a syllable—but cast on him a heart-rending look of mingled disappointment, mortification and astonishment! 'False! ungrateful! cruel!' at length she murmured—and hastened to her chamber, at once to indulge and conceal the bitterness of her feelings.

'Alice is mourning herself to death for that worthless, heartless Gordon,' said Margarette to Montague some time after their marriage.

'She is doing what she has ever done,' said Montague—'thinking only of herself, and cherishing feelings that are totally destructive to all that is valuable in character.'

'She has keen sensibility,' said Margarette.

'But it is all expended on herself,' said Montague. 'Her sensibility results in no good to no one, for she has no sympathy.—Her character used to interest me, until I saw it contrasted with one so much more valuable—so much more exalted! It was you, my dearest wife, who first taught me the strong distinction betwixt sympathy and sensibility, and how utterly useless the latter is when unaccompanied by the former. With Alice, it is not love for Gordon, but self love that is the cause of her thus pining.—Let some other romantic looking knight appear and sue for her hand, her affection would be at once transferred. Should no such one appear, she will by degrees degenerate into a peevish, useless, discontented, burdensome old maid. And the best advice I could give any young lady of great sensibility, and who would be either useful or happy, is—that she should strive to forget her own sorrows, whether real or imaginary, and expend her sympathies on the afflictions and distresses of her fellow creatures. By so doing, the benevolence of her heart would be constantly expanding, until she would on earth approximate to the character of an angel and when the summons came, would drop the garment of mortality, and shine a seraph in eternal day.'

MISCELLANY.

From the American Comic Annual.

Fate of Genius.

Some eight or nine years since, Philadelphia, the goodly city of brotherly love, was visited by that near relation to Small Pox, ye clept *Varioloid*, the traces of whose peregrinations are still visible in the buckwheat-cake-like visages of many of her worthy citizens. This unwelcome visitor was no stickler for 'good society.' The highest and lowest circles were to him alike. His anti-angel-like visits from house to house, which

were many and short between, were never announced either by knock or ring; and so little regard had he for fashionable etiquette, that, instead of sending in his pasteboard, he entered *sans ceremonie*, embracing all who came within his reach. Cheeks, which, until then, rivaled the polished surface of monumental alabaster, were obliged to yield in smoothness to the undressed granite. The cherub face of many a mother's darling son was in a short time made to resemble the uneven visage of the moon. Exquisites, who were wont daily to devote hours to pleasing reflections, now gazed on the libellous surface of the mirror, with about the same degree of complacency that a rabid dog ogles himself in a basin of *total abstinence*. Like an itinerant portrait painter, he wandered about spoiling every face he touched, without respect to age or condition, sex or complexion. Indeed, it was thought at the time, that if there was a shade of partiality in his attentions, it was towards that class denominated *colored*—in these circles he found fit objects for his sympathy. He knew that suffering was the badge of all their tribe. He loved them for the dangers they had passed, and remained with many of them until all their dangers were over. Even those, to whom he was less attentive, and who, perhaps, 'still owe heaven a death,' were fondly remembered, and *deeply pitied* by him, inasmuch as they are indebted to him alone for a peculiarity of visage, sufficiently terrific, to check, not only the approach of varioloid and Small Pox, but almost every other ill that flesh is heir to.

The full round ebony phiz of the pious parson A—, began rapidly to assume a more classic and egg-like form, as he observed, from week to week, a frightful diminution in the number of his dearly 'b'loobed brederin and sisterin,' and a proportionate increase of the mounds in the yard beneath the pulpit window. The joyous *wool-gatherings* which usually took place in the vicinity of Sixth and Lombard Streets, after divine service—where eyes shone like pewter dollars in a coal hole, and grinning *jaw bags* displayed their ivory clasps from hinge to hinge—were now no more; for, although the walls of the conventicle were impenetrable to Varioloid Plague, and all the ills of Pandora's box, they afforded but little security to those who congregated on the outside. As soon, therefore, as the hour arrived for the meeting house to disgorge, it threw its contents in all directions, like an overturned jug of Day and Martin. Pomp feared to extend his paw to his friend Cæsar, lest in so doing he should make himself acquainted with the Varioloid; and Cæsar cut his friend Pomp, to avoid the danger of making a similar acquaintance. Dinas, Clementinas, Rosas and Philises, ventured not to pass each other, even

on opposite sides of the street, without a simultaneous aversion of the head, a suspicious roll of the eye, and an increased celerity of step.

During this season of fearful alarm, there was one day seen gathering together a crowd of *two*, one half issuing from the north, the other from the south door of the tabernacle. This was sufficient to induce a neighboring coffin maker, in anticipation of a call from his friend the sexton, with whom he had a perfect understanding, to provide himself as expeditiously as possible, with boxes for two. Nor was the sexton slow, on being informed of the circumstance, in selecting places for the same number in the pit. The parties thus prematurely provided for, after considerable manœvering, like two ships preparing for action, came within hail of each other, and the following colloquy commenced.

'Why Cuff, is dat you?'

'I am dat ting,' said Cuff—'How you fine yourself dis long time, Sambo?'

'Oh! I's putty well,' replied Sambo, 'and I wants fur peak to you; but in de fus place I axes on you, hab you got de Werryloud?'

'De Lord knows,' replied Cuff, 'I haint got no touch on it, and dat's de reason I's afeerd you got him.'

'I got him!' exclaimed Sambo; 'I clare to you, Cuff, pon he honor ub a gemmen, I neber hab him 'tall.'

'Dat's nough,' said Cuff; 'dat he as much as one gemmen can expectorate from anoder, and I's glad for to shake a han wid you, eaze I got sompin for tell you too. You here de news?'

'Neber min de news?' replied Sambo.

'I got sompin more den news fur tell you;—dat great man, Clem—'

'Dat,' cried Cuff, interrupting him, 'is jist what I guang for peak to you bout; he cotcht de Werryloud, I hear.'

'Den you hear no true,' observed Sambo; 'case de Werryloud cotcht him;—it cotcht hold on him last night, and kilt him all to smash.'

'Dat's jist what I participated,' replied Cuff; 'poor Clem! he neber saw nodir tick o'wood now! He be great loss to de ciety, eaze he were de greatest woodsaweer in de perfession. He hab de rail genus for de art. Why, bless you soul, honey, I knows woodsaweurs what's tudied de perfession ober fifteen year—and de Lord knows dey could'nt saw a tick o' wood wid dat nigger. When he cotcht hold o' de saw, de chunks did'nt drap slow each side o' de haus, I tell you.—And more den dat, he alhogader sef-taught. He neber tudy de perfession wid nobody.'

'Shaw,' said the indignant Sambo, 'what fur you tink he tudy? Clem hab too much genus fur tudy anyting—de great genus know nough widout tudy. I neber tudied de paint

grinding perffession. It come all at once like flash o' lightnin.—And when it come, I went right off to massa Carmine, what make de beautiful pictures o' de ladies and de gemmen, and I been grinding for him eber since. It no more use to de rail genus for tudy, den for shave a Possum when he got him skin off.'

'Well, Sambo, I tink you be right bout dat,' replied Cuff; 'caze I myself larn de woodsawin perffession, widout ony takin two tree lesson, and dem war'nt no use, caze de nigger I went to, did'nt know notin bout it heself. But Clem could saw to kill, dat's sartin!'

'He could dat,' retorted Sambo; 'I knowed de nigger when he war'nt bigger ner a young racoon, and den his genus showed out amazen, I tell you!—You see he was all de time runnin bout de streets, raising up him elbows, and histin up him leg. Well, de old folks did n't know what was de matter wid de boy, so dey axed me, and I told em it wus de genus showin out. Well, den dey wanted to know, what kine o' genus it wus; and I told em it wus de genus for playin on de big fiddle, or sawin o' de wood. Well, dey was afeard it was de big fiddle genus, caze de nigger beat all natur at dancin. Den you see, he would be guang to de balls, and fiddle all night for de niggers—so de way I found out what kind o' genus it wus, I put a big fiddle in him han, and de Lord knows he did'nt know no touch on it. But when I guv'd him a haus and saw, den he showed what he wus borned fur! den his genus showed out, I tell you!'

'But,' said Cuff, 'what's de use o' dis great genus when de time come fur die?—genus can't save de nigger none—and all de physicians in de four quarters o' de world—(dat is de Norf and Souf pole—Bengal and Giberalter)—can't do him notin nohow what-soeber.'

'Dat's true,' replied Sambo; 'dey aint no more use den so many masicianers. Dey keeps ridin bout town, killin all dey know, and cuttin up all dey kill, and den dey sends in de bills and makes de people pay for de gig-hire.—Dey aint no use, caze when de time come for to die—you must die!—and afore de time come you cant kill youself.—De Werryloud can't kill nobody widout him time come.'

'I b'lieve dat,' said Cuff; 'but den I begin fur suspect dat de Werryloud mos always take de time long wid him—caze when eber he go mong de coloréd ciety, den de time come fur somebody.'

'You be right, dere, observed Sambo, and dat make me tink as how he like de rail genus better den any oder—else what fur he go more 'mong niggers den de white trash? It's mighty feard on him, I tell you; and have fur keep a sharp look out.'

'Well, de Lord knows,' rejoined Cuff, with a strong expression of bodily fear—'I did'nt tink o' dat—I don't know how I scape so long!—But poor Clem, ony tink! yester-day he were shinin like him own saw in him perffession, and now he be dead like de tick o' wood he cut. Dat be de fate o' genus! dead foreber and eber and eb—'

'Top, top,' interrupted Sambo; 'you make mistake bout dat. I hear my massa say many time, de great genus neber die—he lib foreber in-mortality;—caze he leave ahind him de genus what tink on him, and he tace what see him.—Why, whenever I tink o' de nigger's genus, I see de nigger heself! I neber forget one ting what happen once bout Clem! It were long time ago, arter I been to de paint grindin perffession bout five or six year and got on amazin;—larnt all bout tace for de fine arts and effec; and de light and shade, and all dat. My massa say to me one day, 'Sambo, you tonish me wid you genus, and I great mine for trus you fur paint de wheelbarrer.' I feel mighty proud when he say dat, you may be sure! and I tell massa I like fur try.—He tell me, 'Berry well—I how you for try you han in de mornin.' Well, dat night I no sleep fur de agitation. In de mornin as soon as it be light nough fur see de wheelbarrer, gits de paints, goes down into de yard, and pulls out de wheelbarrer, and den sets down for tudy de bess kind effec fur paint it. Well, I set tinkin bout it, to mose twelve o'clock; When dat little nigger Clem come into de yard fur git some cold wittles, and he ax me what I guang to do wid de wheelbarrer. But I so much gage in tudy dat I no hear him. Den he ax Phillis, and she tell him I guang for paint it. De little nigger no sooner hear dat, den he pick up de brushes—and afore I done tudyng he paint de wheelbarrer all de color ob de rainbow!—most beautiful!—he make it a perfec pictur!—Well, den you see I fine out what genus de boy hab for de wheelbarrer paintin perffession—but I neber say notin bout it, caze dis country ford no couragement fur de fine art—but he hab de great tace, I tell you.'

'Yes,' said Cuff, 'I pose he git it from he mammy. De old woman were mighty great in de white-washin perffession.'

'She was dat,' replied Sambo; 'and Clem hab all her tace and him own too, and he neber lose it. He hab it when he growed up, and was on de top ob de tree in de wood sawin perffession. Many time when I use fur go down on de wharf, and see de barrels of rum and gin put all in row, so dey make a beautiful pictur, dere I sure to fine Clem lookin at it, caze he hab sich tace dat way.'

'You be right dere,' said Cuff; 'I seed Clem many time hab so much tace for dem are barrils o' rum and gin, dat sometime he head use for run roun he no able for walk

traight, and so he drop down jis like he be drunk.'

'Ah! Cuff,' replied the sympathetic Sambo, 'I know how dat feel! Dat be de way de great genus show out some time! I been dat way myself many time.—But poor Clem, him genus neber show out no more! He see no more picturs!—he seed de las one yes'erday—and I seed it too, and I tink I neber furgit it!—De great man was comin long wid his haus and saw on him shoulder, and de wood in de cart. When de wood stop, he hemp de man frow it down.—Well, it drapt down in a perfec pictur!—Beautiful effect!—Well, Clem tand awhile for look at de pictur, den he go toder side and dare he look at it—den he go toder side and look a spell—den he go all round, and he git kind o' sorry, caze he must spile it.—He pull out o' one pocket de chunk o' bacon fur grease de saw—den de big tear come in him eye. He put him toder fis in toder pocket fur handkercher, and he run him fingers right up agin tree cents! He pull em out—he roll round him big bull eye—he look agin at de wood, den at de bacon, den at de tree cents; and afore he could git de resolution fur spile de picture, he hab to go right off and git sompin fur drink.—I see, Cuff, dat you bery much fected;—but you hab no idee what de artis suffer. I tot my time mose come!—Well, Clem jis come back, when a noder load o' wood come. Dat make two picturs fur spile—den Clem want two resolutions. So he hab fur go right back fur git nodder glass.—By and by he come back wid de resolutions, he pull off him coat, and chuck it on de wood. Den he lean a spell on him saw—well, dat made a pictur. Den he go up to de wood—and he pick up de little tick;—and he pick it up so fectionate, dat you mose tink he pickin up he own nigger baby! for Clem was de goodest, de kindest, and de fectionesest man in de world. Den he put de tick pon de haus, jis as easy as he put him baby in de cradle.—Well, dat was a pictur—such fine effec! de little black oak tick on de haus, look jis like a beautiful little nigger, layin in a cradle wid de small pox—de effec was gran!—But—when Clem come—to de fixin o' de haus! de rolin up de sleeves!! de greasin o' de saw!!! de histen o' de elbow!!!! and de raisin up o' de LEG!!!! whew! I can't scribe it to you—it was de beauifulest ting I ever did see!

From the Baltimore American.

George Washington.

It is good on every possible occasion, for us Americans to ponder the character of this great man. We have never seen a finer picture of Washington's greatness than the following. It appeared in the London 'Courier,' then a leading British government paper,

and has been preserved in a family scrap book ever since. If it has been republished in more recent days, we have not seen it; but we are persuaded our readers will own, even if it has appeared since, it cannot be revived too frequently. We have no idea to whom its authorship is to be ascribed:—

'The melancholly account of the death of General Washington was brought by a vessel from Baltimore, which arrived off Dover. General Washington was we believe, in his 68th year. The height of his person was about five feet eleven; his chest full, and his limbs, though rather slender, well shaped and muscular. His head small, in which respect he resembled the make of a great number of his countrymen. His eye was of a light grey color; and in proportion to the length of his face, his nose was long. Mr. Stuart, the eminent portrait painter used to say, there were features in his face totally different from what he had observed in that of any other human being; the sockets, for instance, were larger than what he ever met with before, and the upper part of the nose broader. All his features he observed, were indicative of the strongest passions; yet, like Socrates, his judgment and great self command have always made him appear a man of a different cast in the eyes of the world. He always spoke with great diffidence, and he sometimes hesitated for a word; but always to find one particularly well adapted to his meaning. His language was manly and expressive. At levee, his discourse with strangers turned principally upon the subject of America; and if they had been through remarkable places, his conversation was free and particularly interesting, for he was intimately acquainted with every part of the country. He was much more open and free in his behavior at levee than in private, and in the company with ladies still more so than solely with men.

Few persons ever found themselves for the first time in the presence of General Washington, without being impressed with a certain degree of veneration and awe, nor did these emotions subside on a closer acquaintance; on the contrary his person and deportment were such as tended to augment them. The hard service he had seen and the important and laborious offices he had filled, gave a kind of austerity to his countenance, and a reserve in his manners; yet he was the kindest husband, the most humane master, and steadiest friend. The whole range of history does not present to our view a character upon which we can dwell with such entire and unmixed admiration.

The long life of Gen. Washington is unsustained by a single blot. He was a man of rare endowments and such fortunate temperament, that every action he performed was

equally exempted from the charge of vice or weakness. Whatever he said, or did, or wrote, was stamped, with a striking and peculiar propriety. His qualities were so happily blended, and so nicely harmonized, that the result was a great and perfect whole. The powers of his mind, and the dispositions of his heart were admirably suited to each other. It was the union of the most consummate prudence with the most perfect moderation. His views, though large and liberal, were never extravagant. His virtues, though comprehensive and beneficent, were discriminating, judicious, and practical. Yet his character though regular and uniform, possessed none of the littleness which sometimes belongs to those descriptions of men. It formed a majestic pile, the effect of which was not impaired, but improved by order and symmetry. There was nothing in it to dazzle by wildness, and surprise by eccentricity. It was of a higher species of moral beauty. It contained every thing great and elevated, but it had no false and tinsel ornaments. It was not the model cried up by fashion and circumstances; its excellence was adapted to the true and just moral taste, incapable of change from the varying accident of manners, of opinions and times.

Gen. Washington is not the idol of a day, but the hero of an age! Placed in circumstances of the most trying difficulty at the commencement of the American contest, he accepted that situation which was pre-eminent in danger and responsibility. His perseverance overcame every obstacle; his moderation conciliated every opposition, his genius supplied every resource; his enlarged view could plan, devise, and improve every branch of civil and military operation. He had the superior courage which could act or forbear to act, as true policy dictates, careless of the reproaches of ignorance either in power or out of power. He knew how to conquer by waiting, in spite of obloquy, for the moment of victory, and he merited true praise by despising undeserved censure. In the most arduous moments of the contest, his prudent firmness proved the salvation of the cause which he supported. His conduct, was on all occasions, guided by the most pure disinterestedness. Far superior to low and groveling motives, he seemed ever to be influenced by that ambition which has justly been called the instinct of great souls. He acted ever as if his country's welfare and that alone, was the moving spirit. His excellent mind needed not even the stimulous of ambition, or the prospect of fame. Glory was a secondary consideration. He performed great actions; he persevered in a course of laborious utility, with an equanimity that neither sought distinction, nor was flattered by it. His reward was in the consciousness

of his own rectitude, and the success of his patriotic efforts.

As the elevation to the chief power was the unbiassed choice of his countrymen, his exercise of it was agreeable to the purity of its origin. As he had neither solicited nor usurped dominion, he had neither to contend with the opposition of rivals, nor the revenge of enemies. As his authority was undisputed so it required no jealous precautions, no rigorous severity. His government was mild and gentle; it was beneficent and liberal; it was wise and just. His prudent administration consolidated and enlarged the dominion of an infant republic. In voluntarily resigning the magistracy which he had filled with such distinguished honor, he enjoyed the unequalled satisfaction of leaving to the State he had contributed to establish, the fruits of his wisdom and the example of his virtues. It is some consolation, amidst the violence of ambition and the criminal thirst of power, which in so many instances occur around us, to find a character whom it is honorable to admire, and virtuous to imitate. A conqueror, for his country! a legislator, for its security! a magistrate, for its happiness! His glories were never sullied by those excesses into which the highest qualities are apt to degenerate. With the greatest virtues, he was exempt from the corresponding vices. He was a man in whom her elements were so mixed that "Nature might have stood up to all the world and owned him as her work." His fame, bounded by no country, will be confined to no age. The character of Gen. Washington, which his contemporaries rejoice to admire, will be transmitted to posterity; and the memory of his virtues, while patriotism and virtue are held sacred among men, will remain undiminished.

Up to any Thing.

A good anecdote is told of the Rev. J. L. Weems, that eloquent biographer of Washington. It is not only known that Mr. Weems wrote books, but that he *peddled* them also. In one of his excursions of this nature, he accidentally fell in with a pair of young people who were about to get married. Mr. Weems having made himself known was immediately applied to perform the ceremony of uniting them in wedlock. After this important matter had been settled, the idea very naturally suggested itself to some of the company that a dance would be very proper on the occasion. Mr. Weems had no objection; and the only difficulty which appeared to render the proposal impracticable was, they had no *fiddler*. It was whispered that the difficulty could be overcome if certain arrangements could be made. Accordingly, a curtain was suspended from the

ceiling extending from one side of the room to the other, and presently behind it was heard the thumbing and tuning of a violin, and soon after the merry dance began. All things went gaily and merrily for a while, but suddenly, the curtain was torn loose, when lo! who should the company behold but the Rev. J. L. Weems, fiddling away, as if for poor dear life itself, but really for the amusement of the dancers. It is certainly a happy faculty to be able to turn one's hand to any thing. Mr. Weems was one of the most eloquent preachers of his time—one of the chastest writers—an honest pedlar—a first rate fiddler—and above all, a good man.—*Baltimore Sun.*

Ladies Riding Sideways.

THE honor of the introduction of riding sideways by women in this country is attributed to Anne of Bohemia, consort of Richard the Second. She it was (according to Stow) that originally showed the women of this country how gracefully and conveniently they might ride on horseback sideways.—Another old historian, enumerating the new fashions of Richard the Second's reign, observes, 'Likewise noble ladies then used high heads and cornets, and robes with long trains, and seats on side saddles on their horses, by the example of the respectable Queen, Anne, daughter of the King of Bohemia, who first introduced the custom into this kingdom; for before, women of overy rank rode as men do.' In his beautiful illustrative picture of Chaucer's Canterbury Pilgrims, Stothard appears to have committed an anachronism in placing the most conspicuous female character of his fine composition, sideways on her steed. That the lady should have been depicted riding in the male fashion, might it strikes us, have been inferred without any historical research on the subject, from the poet's describing her as having on her feet 'a paire of spurses sharpe.—*The Young Lady's Equestrian Manual.*

Be Something.

* ONE principle of the Mussulman creed is, that every person should have 'some trade. Thus should it be, the world over. See that young man; no matter what are his circumstances or prospects, if he has no plan, he will never accomplish much. If he relies upon his present possessions, or upon the anticipated favors of fortune, ten to one if his fine hopes are not blighted, and he find, too late, that the only path to true greatness is by application. The following maxim would apply to persons of every condition in society who are about entering upon the stage of active life: Choose, after mature deliberation and consultation with judicious friends, that vocation which is most suitable for you.

Be not diverted from your purpose—let nothing prevent you from qualifying yourself thoroughly for it; then pursue it with unremitting diligence, and you will honor yourself and be a blessing to community.

A Smart Pedlar.

A MEMBER of one of the learned professions was driving his jennet along the road at Tooting in Surry, when he overtook a pedlar with his pack and inquired what he had to sell. The man produced among other things a pair of cotton braces, for which he asked sixpence.—The gentleman paid the money, and then said, 'You have I suppose a license?'—'Y-e-s,' was the reply hesitatingly. 'I should like to see it.' After some further delay it was produced. 'My good fellow, all's right I see. Now as I don't want these things, you shall have them again for three-pence.' The bargain was struck; but how surprised was the gentleman to find a summons to attend the county magistracy, sitting at Croyden.

The gentleman was convicted in the full penalty for selling goods on the king's highway without a hawker's license.

A Bargain.

'Now landlord,' said a sailor, 'for a dozen smallers or a jug of brandy, and I will tell you how you can sell much more of the *critter*; and please your customers better than you now do.' 'Done,' said Boniface. 'Well just give me and my ship mates here, the O-be-joyful, and I will put you in the right way, if I don't it's no go.' The hearty tars soon quaffed the Cogniac, and Boniface opened his eyes, ears and mouth, to receive the new secret.

'Mr. Boniface,' said the sailor, 'you have only to knock down the bottom of your old pewter gill cup to its old home, and put less water to your liquor, and that's all. Do you give it up?' 'Blood and vengeance!' exclaimed Boniface, get out of my house, you varnints, or I will knock you into a cocked hat, and gormandize you!

A Printer's Anecdote.

IT used to be related of Corporal Nymn a printer, well known for many years in this town as being more remarkable for his odd humor than the length of his purse, that while he was traveling from Lowell to Boston, he was met by a highwayman who politely (as is the custom of those gentry) demanded his purse.

'My dear sir,' quoth Corporal Nymn, 'I perceive you don't know me!'

'That is nothing to the purpose, sir give up your purse immediately,' demanded the highwayman.

The corporal repeated with an earnestness

which could not be misunderstood, 'positively you don't know me.'

'Well,' said the highwayman, somewhat surprised at the manner of the corporal, 'who the devil are you?'

'Why, I'm a printer.'

'A printer did you say? Whew!—I'm off—d——d dry picking.'

A MODEST YOUTH.—After one of our stores had been closed a few nights since, a rap was heard at the door and upon its being opened a young man stepped in and with the utmost sang froid asked,—'Is there an opening for a young man of talents here? I wish to get a situation.'—*Chicago Dem.*

Letters Containing Remittances.

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

J. N. P. Charlestown, S. C. \$1.00; P. M. Shaftbury, Vt. \$6.50; J. W. S. North Bennington, Vt. \$1.00; E. S. Skaneateles, \$1.00; J. M. Claverack, N. Y. \$1.00; O. B. P. Cayuga, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. Pompey, N. Y. \$5.00; J. B. New Hampton, N. H. \$1.00; H. C. West Winchester, N. H. \$1.00; L. B. A. Factory Point, Vt. \$1.00; L. M. S. Guilford, N. Y. \$1.00; W. B. C. Rondout, N. Y. \$1.00; H. V. A. West Troy, N. Y. \$1.00; H. B. Whalen's Store, N. Y. \$5.00; W. H. S. Goshen, N. Y. \$1.00; Z. C. Hartsville, Ms. \$1.00; E. P. New Baltimore, N. Y. \$1.00; L. S. Salisbury Center, N. Y. \$1.00; E. W. Albany, N. Y. \$1.00; J. M. Lexington Heights, N. Y. \$1.00; R. H. S. Athens, N. Y. \$1.00; C. S. W. Watertown, N. Y. \$1.00; H. A. D. B. Kingston, N. Y. \$1.00; J. G. East Hanover, N. H. \$8.00; G. H. G. Holland Patent, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. East Bern, N. Y. \$1.00; O. B. Fowler, N. Y. \$1.00; G. K. L. Center Independence, N. Y. \$1.00; C. S. New-York, \$1.00; R. D. Springport, N. Y. \$1.00; R. A. F. Cazenovia, N. Y. \$1.00; M. H. P. Winchester, N. H. \$1.00.

MARRIED.

In this city, on the 25th ult. at the Friend's Meeting House, Robert Coffin, to Lydia C. daughter of Timothy W. Bunker, all of this city.

On Saturday evening the 29th ult. by the Rev. William Whittaker, Mr. William H. Sluyter to Miss Ann Eliza Winslow, both of this city.

On the 13th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Pardee, Mr. Cyril Hughes of Kingston to Miss Mary Jane Clark, of this city.

On Monday the 1st inst. by the Rev. J. N. Brown, Mr. Joseph G. Mitchell, of Philadelphia, to Miss Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. Henry P. Skinner, of this city.

On the 1st inst. by the Rev. George H. Fisher, Abraham Salisbury, Esq. of Coxsack, to Miss Jane Agnes, daughter of the late Rev. Robert Bronk, of Watervliet.

On the 1st inst. by the Rev. J. C. Vandervoort, Mr. William H. Griswold, of Claverack, to Miss Charity M. Van Valkenburgh, of Kinderhook.

At Ghent, on the 17th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Wynkoop, Mr. Peter Philip, jr. to Catharine, daughter of Peter R. Rossmann, Esq. all of the former place.

In Gallatin, on Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Sayres, of Pine Plains, Mr. John Snook, of Gallatin, to Miss Ann Fonda, of Red Hook.

In New-York, on the 23d ult. by the Rev. Dr. Scabury, Mr. Robert Fergus, of Coxsack, to Miss Margaretta Marshall, daughter of Mr. John Marshall, of New-York.

In Valatie, on the 2d inst. by the Rev. W. Roosevelt, Mr. John Hays to Miss Catharine Seism, all of that place.

In Schodack, on the 26th ult. by the Rev. John Gray, Mr. George M. Lothrop, of Kinderhook, to Miss Sophia, daughter of Peter Ham, of that place.

In Valatie, on the 29th ult. by Eld. L. S. Rexford, Mr. Smith Castle, son of Elijah Castle, Esq. of Stuyvesant, to Miss Abigail Schermerhorn, of the same place.

On the 27th ult. by the Rev. J. Berger, Mr. Peter Cook-ingham to Miss Catharine M. Snook, both of Claverack.

In London, Eng. on the 16th of June, Mr. Thomas Hughes of Albany, N. Y. to Miss Emma Barker, of the former place.

DIED.

In this city, on Wednesday morning, the 3d inst. Reuben M. son of Mr. George W. and Margaret B. Carpenter, aged 3 years.

On the 30th ult. Albert S. son of David and Sarah Rogers, aged 10 months.

In New-York, on Tuesday morning the 2d inst. while on a visit, Miss Eliza C. Clow, of Athens, in the 24th year of her age.

In Coxsack, on the 15th ult. Mr. John Van Schaak, aged about 36 years.

In Buffalo, on the 25th ult. Edward Van Benschoten, of the city of New-York, in the 19th year of his age.

In Waterbury, on Saturday the 29th ult. of Consumption, Mrs. Mary A. Richardson, aged 23 years.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

To the Stars.

RESPLENDENT orbs! there ye appear,
In heaven's cerulean, bright as erst,
When in its natal morn this sphere,
Delighted heard the joyous burst
Of anthem pealed in choral strain,
From your sidereal sister-train.

Empires arise, flourish and fall;
Scepters and kingly crowns return,
Back to their parent dust—and all
Man's monuments decay—yet burn
Ye there with the same changeless mien,
Mysterious, beautiful, serene.

Time crumbles down the rock—but free
From its corroding touch ye roll;
Change comes o'er all of earth, while ye,
Heed not mutation's stern control—
But your allotted station fill,
Sparkling in primal glory still.

Burn on! ye are the gems of light,
Which blazon the Eternal's throne;
As heaven's beacons to invite
Earth-wearied spirits home, burn on!
Coeval with the birth of time,
Yours is a never ending prime.

HENRY SHUTTS.

Autumn.

BY WM. CULLEN BRYANT.

Ere, in the northern gale,
The summer tresses of the trees are gone,
The woods of autumn, all around our vale,
Have put their glory on.

The mountains that infold
In their wide sweep, the colored landscape round,
Seem groups of giant kings in purple and gold,
That guard the enchanted ground.

I roam the woods that crown
The upland, where the mingled splendors glow,
Where the gay company of trees look down
On the green fields below.

My steps are not alone
In these bright walks; the sweet southwest at play,
Flies, rustling, where the painted leaves are strown,
Along the winding way.

And far in heaven, the while,
The sun that sends that gale to wander here,
Pours out on the fair earth his quiet smile—
The sweetest of the year.

Where now the solemn shade,
Verdure and gloom, where many branches meet;
So grateful, when the noon of summer made
The valley sick with heat?

Let in through all the trees,
Come the strange rays; the forest depths are bright;
Their sunny-colored foliage, in the breeze,
Twinkles, like beams of light.

The rivulet, late unseen,
Where bickering through the shrubs its waters run,
Shines with the image of its golden screen,
And glimmerings of the sun.

But 'neath yon crimson tree,
Lover to listening maid might breathe his flame,
Nor mark, within its roseate canopy,
Her blush of maiden shame.

Oh, Autumn! why so soon
Depart the hues that make thy forests glad;
Thy gentle wind and thy fair sunny noon,
And leave thee wild and sad!

Ah, 't were a lot too blest
Forever in thy colored shades to stray
Amidst the kisses of the soft southwest
To rove and dream for aye;
And leave the vain low strife;
That makes men mad—the tug for wealth and power,
The passions and the cares that wither life,
And waste its little hour.

Song of the Rushlight.

BY ELIZA COOK.

O! SCORN me not as a fameless thing,
Nor turn with contempt from the lay I sing;
'Tis true I am not suffered to be
On the ringing board of wassail glee;
My sickly beam must never fall
In the gay saloon or lordly hall,
Yet many a tale does a rushlight know
Of secret sorrow and lonely woe.

I am found in the closely curtained room,
Where a stillness reigns that breathes of the tomb;
Where the breaking heart and heavy eye
Are waiting to see a loved one die:
Where the doting child, with noiseless tread,
Steals warily to the mother's bed,
To mark if the faintly panting breath
Is fluttering yet in the grasp of Death.

I am the light that quivering flits
In the joyless home where the fond wife sits,
Waiting the one that flies his hearth
For a ribald crew and a drunkard's mirth;
Long hath she kept her wearying watch,
Now bitterly weeping, now breathless to catch
The welcome tread of a footstep near,
Till she weeps again as it dies on her ear.

Her restless eye, as the night wears late,
Is anxiously thrown on the dial plate,
And a sigh responds to the echoing sound
That tells the hand has gone its round:
She mournfully trims my slender wick,
As she sees me fading and wasting quick,
And many a time has my spark expired,
And left her still the weeping and tired.

I am a light that often shines
Where the friendless child of Genius pines,
Where the god-like mind is trampled down
By the callous sneer and freezing frown;
Where Want is playing a demon part
And sends its iron into the heart;
Where the soul burns on in the bosom that mourns
Like the incense fire in funeral urns.

I see the hectic fingers fling
The thoughts intense that flashingly spring,
And my flickering beam illumines the page
That may live in the fame of a future age:
I see that pale brow droop and mope
As the breast turns sick with blasted hope,
Till the harsh, cold world has done its worst,
And the tortured spirit hath groaned and burst.

I am the light that's doomed to share
The meanest lot that man can bear;
I see the scanty portion spread
Where children struggle for scraps of bread;

Where squalid forms and faces seem
Like phantoms in a hideous dream;
Where the rich may look with startled awe
On the work of poverty's vulture claw.

Oh! many a lesson the bosom learns
Of hapless grief, while the rushlight burns:
Many a scene unfolds to me
That the heart of mercy would bleed to see,
Then scorn me not as a worthless thing,
Nor turn with contempt from the song I sing;
But scorn as ye will, or smile as ye may,
Ye cannot revile the truth in my lay.

From the New-York Observer.

The Stream of Death.

THERE is a stream whose narrow tide
The known and unknown worlds divide,
Where all must go;
Its waveless waters, dark and deep,
Mid sullen silence, downward sweep
With moanless flow.

I saw where, at that dreary flood,
A smiling infant prattling stood,
Whose hour was come;
Untaught of ill, it neared the tide,
Sunk, as to cradled rest, and died
Like going home.

Followed with languid eye anon,
A youth diseased, and pale and wan;
And there alone
He gazed upon the laden stream,
And feared to plunge—I heard a scream,
And he was gone.

And then a form in manhood's strength
Came bustling on, till there at length
He saw life's bound;
He shrunk and raised the bitter prayer
Too late—his shriek of wild despair
The waters drowned.

Next stood upon that surgeless shore
A being bowed with many a score,
Of toilsome years.
Earth bound and sad he left the bank,
Back turned his dimming eye, and sank,
Ah! full of fears.

How bitter must thy waters be,
Oh Death! How hard a thing, ah me!
It is to die!
I mused—when to that stream again,
Another child of mortal men
With smiles drew nigh.

'Tis the last pang,' he calmly said;
'To me, O Death! thou hast no dread;
Saviour I come!
Spread but thine arms on yonder shore—
I see!—ye waters, bear me o'er!
There is my home!'

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